## A CHANCE FOR DOTTIE

Being the Simple Story of a Chorus Girl Who Became a Star, and an Angel Whose Wings Were Singed

venture by some unknown actress I feel eliciting ridicule. an acute regret that I am not in on the who helps to exploit stars-for a consideration. "Each announcement invariably | and said he wanted to talk business means that a new finanical angel has been discovered to back the venture.

light turned on themselves that have aided more than one deserving young female person to advance herself artistically at the expense of several thousands of dollars, more or less. I have seen many angels in my time, but few of them have been good losers. Still, the first affair has usually as a rule an angel seldom backs a show second time, he proceeds with a lawyer and extreme caution.

"I have in mind now the sad story of what happened to an angel I know, who was interested, in a purely philanthropic way, of course, in the artistic advancement of a beautiful young chorus lady several years ago.

"The chorus person, whom we will call Dottie, because that isn't her name, adorned the front row of a Casino extravaganza when the angel, having several out of town friends to entertain, bought seats for this particular show. The seats were well down in front, and the dark haired Dottie happened to spend most of the evening singing choruses on the side of the stage in front of the angel and his friends.

"The angel, who at that time had not thought of himself in an angelic light, was so much interested in the dark haired Dottle that he came again to see the show, this time by himself. This visit was succeeded by several others, and after several weeks he began to attend the theatre every night.

"Lest any one doubt his motives, I may add that he is a confirmed bachelor, who had no flighty tendencies and rather prided himself upon his sedate conduct and behavior. Gentlemen of these traits, I may observe, generally make good angels

"It didn't take the manager of the company long to observe the frequency of the visits of the prospective angel, and as this about theatrical affairs. particular manager made two or three musical productions each year, and always with a different backer to furnish the money, he was always on the lookout for available financiers. He had already run through his list of possible angels without encouraging results for a new production which he wished to make in the spring, and he rightly surmised that the nightly visitor was attracted to the show by some young lady in the chorus

"Proceeding very carefully, ne secured a formal introduction through a common friend to the prospective angel, whose business connections were of such a nature that any attempt at informal acquaintance would have been i .ile. The following night, when the manager again found the prospective angel at the theatre, an invitation guided to a lobster refectory in the white a third check for \$5,000. light district

himmalf as to the identity of the fairy who receipts. served as a magnet for his guest. This "This money, of course, would be dedoubt, I may add, was dispelled when the ducted from the week's receipts, the manamanager and his guest arrived and general ger said. The angel thereupon wrote out introductions had taken place.

the prospective angel to accept an invitatract thus secured by the manager stiputon to a Sunday night social party at an lated that the attraction could continue realized it the sedate gentleman with angelic ing. tendencies was fully embarked upon a in which he behaved himself with marked propriety, and was even voted a 'dead one' by all the girls except Dottie.

\*For Dottie had talked of artistic ada girl without influence until the angel any interference. had about decided to speak a word in her behalf to the manager himself. This he proceeded ultimately to do, whereupon the manager invited him to a business conference in his private office the next afternoon.

"Do you know,' began the manager that girl Dottie is gifted with wonderful talent. I have noticed it myself.' "She seems to be a very sincere, hard

working girl,' replied the business man, 'She thought if you realized how hard she is working you might advance her from the chorus.' "I'd like to, honest,' replied the man-

'But here's the situation: There are three other partners with me in this show. They have furnished the money to back it. I cannot make any changes in the cast without consulting them, for it would be discharging friends of theirs. See?'

"The angel saw that the only way a man can acquire a pull is to have a financial interest, and he said so. The manager fused to advance any more. cordially agreed with him.

'Now, you take Dottie,' he said. 'There's a girl with genuine talent, who ought to gave Miss Dottle a heart to heart talk to be playing parts. Why, I could even make the effect that, unless she could get the a real star of her if I had the money. Look angel to pony up another \$5,000, her chances at Edna May-she was only a chorus girl, of playing on Broadway were pretty slim. too. Why, Dottie is a dream when it comes to talent. If I only had the money--' | urgency of the matter, as Dottie explained

And he paused for a reply. "He didn't get it that day, but when account. the prospective angel repeated the conversation to Dottie that young woman proceeded to have mild hysterics of delight, coupled with tearful regrets that she night at what promised to become one of couldn't possibly have the chance because the worst frosts of the season. The total she knew no one who would invest money

in a theatrical production. The prospective angel thought it over for a while, and a few days later asked the manager for facts and figures about

making a theatrical production.

'All you need is a little money to start with. I have a dandy comic opera in view-it has a part that Dottie would simply eat | and had to be conciliated, and the rehearup-and then, after we make a hit on Broadway, the syndicate will book us for a long clear profit easily-and all on an invest-

wisdom of investing money in comic opera. | be bygones. /

"Every time I read of a new starring | He was afraid to ask his friends, for fear of

"Finally an interview with Dottle, who scheme, remarked a theatrical press agent | had just been scolded by the stage manager, decided him. He went to the manager

" 'I believe money can be made in theatricals,' he said. 'And I am particularly "There are dozens of men down in Wall desirous that Miss Dottie shall have the Street who wouldn't care to have a search- chance to show what she can do. If the girl really has talent she shall have an opportunity. Get your plans made, give me a written statement of the money needed, and I will consider the matter.'

"A week later the manager had a check for \$5,000 to cover preliminary expenses for the production of the new opera. The been productive of plenty of money, though angel and the manager met each afternoon. A librettist was engaged to adapt more than once, and if he does invest a the book of the opera, which turned out to be a Parisian farce, with music.

"The librettist refused to touch the manuscript until he received \$1,000 in cash. A popular composer insisted upon the same terms, and reserved to himself the rights to publish and sell the music which he revamped. Then the scenic artists were called in, and secured \$1,500 in advance.

"About this time Miss Dottie began to talk of a European trip in order to secure costumes for the opera, but the angel balked at this as an extravagance. stead, the order for cosiumes was placed with a big department store, which promptly demanded \$1,000 on account, and got it.

"This left only \$500 in the bank, and that went to the artist who made the color sketches for the costumes. The second week after the angel had signed his first check he signed another for \$5,000 for the production.

"Meanwhile Miss Dottie had decided that she needed a press agent, and the manager engaged me to look after her in-I took her to a photographer's and had \$150 worth of photos taken. These I began to send to newspapers.

"Some of them printed them. Others made sarcastic references to mushroom stars. Miss Dottie lectured me for permitting the papers to print such unkind things about her, and I tried to square myself with the angel, who knew a few things about newspapers, even if he was ignorant

"The third week rehearsals began. The stage director who was called in to superintend rehearsals got \$500 in advance and \$150 a week while rehearsing. The company was engaged, and each actor immediately upon signing a contract asked for week's salary on account.

"Some of them got a full week, others only half a week. The chorus girls, who had once worked with Dottie, got nothing in advance. Chorus girls are so unre liable that they will rehearse with several companies simultaneously in order to draw salary ahead of time on account.

"When rehearsals were under way more than \$1,800 had been advanced to the members of the company on account. This, in theory, was to be deducted from the salaries to be paid the first week from the receipts. to supper ensued, and the angel was duly | This line of reasoning led the angel to sign

"The manager then talked of a Broadway "Here half a dozen girls from the com- theatre. He reported to the angel that it among them the dark haired seemed impossible to secure a suitable Dottie, had already installed themselves house except on a rental basis. This meant at convenient tables, acting under the from \$2,500 to \$3,500 a week in cash, instead direction of the manager, who was in doubt of giving the theatre a percentage of the

a check for \$6,000, being two weeks' rental A lobster refectory is no place to talk of one of the first-class Broadway theatres about art, so it seemed quite natural for | devoted to musical comedy. The conuptown flat, where he again met the same indefinitely at this same theatre for \$3,000 party of congenial friends. This function a week, provided said sum was paid before led to similar affairs, and before he fully noon on Mondays for the week follow-

somewhat hilarious voyage of midnight things were rounded into shape fairly suppers and Sunday night flat parties, | well, the stage director threw up his job because Dottie kept giving orders to the actors and singers. The stage director knew she was the real thing, because she owned the angel, and he declared that vancement and the difficulties that beset his dignity would not permit him to allow

> "The angel took Dottie aside for a long talk and then prevailed upon the stage manager to stay. That's the way the average girl elevated to stardom behaves -she wants to boss everything as soon as she controls the money end of the busi-

> "Then the manager decided that the show must be tried on the dog-up in Rochester or Syracuse, and I was sent on to prepare for a three night tour. meant more money for railroads, and before the players could leave town they had to settle board bills of long standing. "This meant more touches on the manager for cash, and before the company finally opened in Rochester he had paid out \$1,100 more in salaries advanced.

> \*The show went on in Rochester and the critics roasted it good and hard. Business was something fierce. The manager tried to get more money from the angel, who had an attack of cold feet and re-

> "The show couldn't get back to New York without money, and the manager When the angel understood the extreme it to him, he paid over another \$5,000 on

> "By this time the angel had paid out \$26,000 and received in return the pleasure of travelling with the company for a first receipts for three nights on tour were \$783, and of this amount the company only received 75 per cent., the local managers

retaining the balance. "The angel saw he was up against it at le dress rehearsal held in New York Suntied the dress rehearsal held in New York Suntied the saw he was up against it at le dress rehearsal held in New York Suntied the saw he was up against it at le dress rehearsal held in New York Suntied the saw he was up against it at le dress rehearsal held in New York Suntied the saw he was up against it at le dress rehearsal held in New York Suntied the saw he was up against it at le dress rehearsal held in New York Suntied the saw he was up against it at le dress rehearsal held in New York Suntied the saw he was up against it at le dress rehearsal held in New York Suntied the saw he was up against it at le dress rehearsal held in New York Suntied the saw he was up against it at le dress rehearsal held in New York Suntied the saw he was up against it at le dress rehearsal held in New York Suntied the saw he was up against it at le dress rehearsal held in New York Suntied the saw he was up against it at le dress rehearsal held in New York Suntied the saw he was up against it at le dress rehearsal held in New York Suntied the saw he was up against it at le dress rehearsal held in New York Suntied the saw he was up against it at le dress rehearsal held in New York Suntied the saw he was up against it at le dress rehearsal held in New York Suntied the saw he was up against it at le dress rehearsal held in New York Suntied the saw he was up against it at le dress rehearsal held in New York Suntied the saw he was up against it at le dress rehearsal held in New York Suntied the saw he was up against it at le dress rehearsal held in New York Suntied the saw he was up against it at le dress rehearsal held in New York Suntied the saw he was up against it at le dress rehearsal held in New York Suntied the saw he was up against it at le dress rehearsal held in New York Suntied the saw held the the dress rehearsal held in New York Sun-'It's dead easy,' said the manager. day night. The show went ragged, every one quarrelled with every one else, the stage director resigned for the seventh time

sal dragged out until 3 A. M.

"And, oh, the horror of that first night! tour. We can clean up a thousand a week I have seen many fearful sights, but nothing like the horror of that operatic debut ment of from \$5,000 to \$16,000. Why, it's had ever before been my lot. I will draw the veil over this portion of the story. "This line of talk impressed the angel, What some of the critics said would not but did not entirely convince him of the bear repetition, and it's best to let bygones

"Gross receipts the first week were \$3,657. Deducting the rent already paid, a slim chance of ever getting back any the company received \$657 cash with which to pay running expenses of about \$3,200. This meant a terrible cash loss, which the discomfort, the scenic artist and costumers heard that the thing was a failure and pressed him to settle their accounts.

Meanwhile the manager tried to be cheerful, and argued that the critics always roast every new show, and that some of the greatest successes of modern times have been damned the first night. This didn't console the poor angel, however, who was just beginning to realize the troubles of putting on a comic opera.

"The second week business went up over the \$4,000 mark, and the angel was so encouraged that he paid the rent of the theatre for two more weeks in advance. This of the money invested. "By the end of the second week the at-

tendance began to fall off, and the third a few weeks. angel had to make good. To add to his week business was very bad, dropping to \$2,100. Some of the players handed in their two weeks' notice and the manager decided to close the show in order to protect what money the angel still had left. of almost \$40,000. The angel reluctantly consented, and they broke the news to Dottle and the com-

pany.
"Next day Dottie didn't appear at the theatre and an understudy went on in her place. One of the chorus men was also missing, but nothing was thought of this incident.

"The second night Dottie failed again to appear and the manager sent to her

put him about \$36,000 in the hole, with | Dottie had disappeared. The newspapers got hold of the story and found that Dottie had sailed for Europe with the missing chorus man, whom she had only known

"That proved the final blow. The show closed suddenly, the production was advertised for sale, and when the angel counted up his losses he was loser to the extent

"But he was a game loser-as game as any I ever saw.

"'I wouldn't mind losing the money," he said. 'I have plenty more, and can get more. But to think of the rank ingratitude of Dottle-that's where the shoe pinches. I honestly thought I was doing a philanthropic action in advancing her artistic career, and she never even thanked me for my pains. It's rank ingratitude,

## REAL TROUBLE CAME AFTER THE ROBBERY

## Experiences of a Woman With Policemen, Private Detectives and Pawnbrokers in Trying to Recover Stolen Jewelry.

district, as it is now known to the residents thereof, a young woman who was recently robbed of about \$2,000 worth of jewelry told of the sensations attached to the experience.

"I have a small safe downstairs," she said, "but after seeing a picture in a comic paper of a sneak thief who did not bother to open such a safe, but tucked it under his arm and walked off with it, I came to the conclusion that there was very little security in a safe except its name. Consequently. I got into the habit of putting my jewels into the upper drawer of my dressing table. You would be amazed if you knew

the number of women who do that sort of thing even after the lessons of this winter. "Just when the jewels disappeared don't know. I went to dress one night and wanted a chain of amethysts, with an amethyst pendant. That and a number of other pieces a watch, a bracelet and two emerald solitaire rings-were gone.

"I called up the police station and a policeman came around. The servants were under suspicion at once. They were porribly and hopelessly outraged.

"The butler was the most disgusted and left the next day. My personal maid went to bed ill. The cook and the other maid sulked, not the usual kitchen and parlor sulk, but an all over the place injured air, which did not tend to make me any hap-

"But this was not the end of my trouble. When you lose your jewels they are lost and gone and that is all there is to it-unless you have taken out insurance against robbery on them. When you have a burglar policy, your worry is just beginning.

"Don't think for a moment that the surety company which had insured me against loss woke me up early the next morning to repay me the money, without a protest. The jewels were stolen in the Christmas holidays, and I have not received the money yet; but it is all right. I am told that I will get it this week. Meantime my happiness has been sacrificed on the altar of those heirlooms.

"Of course they were heirlooms, and that fact made it harder for me to get a settlement. I had no bill of sale to prove their value, and only the assertions of several jewellers to whom I had taken them from time to time to be cleaned and repaired, and whose remembrances of them were rather vague, too vague for any practical purpose

"The company has detectives of its own and they were immediately put on the trail of the jewels, the suspect being an alleged telephone man. distinctly while I was reading in my sitting room seeing him through the door, and wondering why such a nicely dressed, line. That if his company was willing to refined looking chap should be around send to the jewellers who had cleaned my looking at telephones.

"It was a long time before detective No. | and duplicate them I would be satisfied I could convince me that this man was the thief, for he looked enough like a chap | highballs, but took two cigars and left. I used to dance with about at different

From the Unwary Tried On

a Man Who Thinks

Himself Sharp.

last year," said a man in the Wall Street

district, who considers himself a fairly wise

fish. and I suppose a lot of other business

men in New York could say the same thing

and I never should have been caught by it.

A fellow came along and told me that he

"It was to be full of engravings of the

rich and famous young men of New York,

with biographies opposite. He suggested

that I go to a certain Fifth avenue photog-

rapher and have a portrait especially pre

etween a Vanderbilt and an Astor.

owest \$25, so I gave him \$25.

pared for the book. It would be printed

"I asked the cost. He pulled out a sub-

scription book and said that the other

fellows were giving what they pleased.

I saw that the highest was \$500 and the

"His stenographer was to come around

the next day and get the stirring story of

my life. He did come around and promised

a proof of the biography on the day after

"When the proof arrived it was so full

of inaccuracies as to names and dates that

I called up the con man's office to tell him

not to run the sketch. He was out, but

his clerk told me in a suspiciously mechani-

cal way that it was too late; the book had

"I dropped into the office the next day.

wasn't big enough for a cat to jump in.

I found the swindler and told him that I

knew the book never would be published,

but that I would not complain to the police

if he would kindly give \$10 of the \$25 to

charity.

"He said he would, and I let it go at that.

"He said he would, and I let it go at that."

"Bunco No. 1 was rather crude and old,

if they weren't ashamed to.

would be later on.

gone to press.

IN THIS TOWN

EASY GRAFT

Up on the upper West Side, the hold-up | parties to have been a cousin. I told the | detective that, and a lot more. In fact in the end I realized that I had given up a

matinée to tell the history of my gems. "It took me the better part of an afternoon, while the detective sat in the easy chair and listened amiably, rather as if he hated to go out in the cold than because he had any real interest in the matter. But I can talk when I get started, and there was nothing left for him to know when I got

through "I told him that I got the jewels through my husband's mother, where she got them, where she had worn them, what people said to her, where I had worn them and what had been said to me. I admitted that I had been careless, and he woke up long enough to state that all women were. Then he went home

"The next afternoon, just as I was getting ready for a bridge whist party, Detective No. 2 strolled in with an I've-come-to-stay air. I took off my things and sat down with

"He was one of the cynical sort; didn't believe that I ever had had any jewels, apparently. He smoked three of husband's good cigars and had two highballs. Then he told me I was the real thing and that he thought I had put too low a valuation on my goods.

"He said as he went down stairs that he should tell the company so and that instead of the sum named in my policy he had no doubt they would double it after his statements to them. Then he went out into the night-it was night by that time.

"Detective No. 3 was of the practical business sort. He didn't care anything about historical reminiscences, nor for the fact that my mother-in-law had been complimented by a French Ambassador on the unexampled purity of her jewels. He wanted to see what I had left and compare my statements of the value of those I had st with them. His whole manner seemed to say that my jewels were paste and that this was a trick to get the best of his com-

"In my agitation I held out an awful old ring, the only one in my whole collection that I had never worn and had simply kept because I had nothing else to do with it. The ring was an old mine diamond with a lot of flaws in it. Detective picked it up

"Ha! That's the kind of jewels you lost, is it? Couldn't sell it even on Four- saver. teenth street.

"Then I got mad and showed him some articles that made him retract everything he had said or thought. I went further and told him that I had just about reached the limit of my endurance in the suspicion jewelry, take their recollection of the value "He quieted down after that, refused the

"That ended the first chapter.

he would do my work for \$100 for that period. I figured that on the percentage basis he might get \$500 a year, but I beat nim down from \$100 to \$50, paid him and got He instructed me to mail my light bill

Three Simple Ways to Get Money to him each month and he would mark any errors and send it back in such shape that the lighting company would come off its perch in a minute. So when my next bill came in—I think it was for \$38—I mailed it to the Con Bunk Revising Company, or whatever he celled it. whatever he called it.

"The bill came back to me the next day
It had been stamped 'O. K.—C. B. R. Co.'
The following bill day the thing was rerested. "I've been swindled three times in the

went to the 'revising' company's office. My friend of the glib tongue was not there, but a young woman clerk was there and she was as busy as a bee opening letters from clients, hitting them with an O. K. stamp

and remailing them.
"I closed the door on the distressing scene and propelled myself to the street with a series of easy kicks.
"Now for the crown of my sorrows.

was familiar with my social prominence and was taking the liberty of showing me manufacture a proprietary article which costs very little—about a fifth of its retail price. There came to me a man who said he represented a magazine with a circulation of the control o a volume in which most of the young men of the 400 were interested. It hadn't been finished, but I could judge bow lovely it tion of 300,000. He showed a copy of it and said that it

had great popularity in the rural districts. He wanted me to advertise and said he would take pay in the stuff I made.

This looked pretty good to me, particularly when he consented to let me put in my stuff at retail price. I signed a year's contract to take \$58 worth of advertising every month, to be paid for in goods monthly.

The day after the appearance of the first issue containing my advertisement a stranger came into my office and remarked that he had seen my advertisement. He seemed excited about it and finally told me that I was being spindled that the measurement.

was being swindled, that the magazine had not more than 300 circulation and that it was getting goods under false pretences.

"I'm in the same fix as you are,' he de-I'm in the same fix as you are clared, 'and I'm not going to give them any more of my products." "So I notified the magazine publishers

that I did not care to do any business. I did send them the first month's payment and figured that I had lost only \$11. "The magazine continued to print my 'ad,' and at the end of the year its publishers sued me for \$616 for the eleven months unpaid. They got a judgment for this and costs, for I found it impossible to prove

their circulation was not what it was pre-tended to be. They were giving away the magazines at wholesale in big department stores.
"You probably have guessed that the man who warned me was a partner of the

man who made the contract. They didn't want my manufactured stuff. They wanted hard cash, and they got it."

Flowers in Fancy Colors and Shapes. From the Millinery Trade Review.

and asked me what my electric light bill cost me a month. I thought he was a tenant in the same building, but, at any rate, it was no great secret that my bills ran about \$40, and I told him so.

"You don't mean it,' he said with apparent astonishment. "They ought not to got The application of colors other than those natural to the flowers is very much resorted tenant in the same building, but, at any rate, it was no great secret that my bills ran about \$40, and I told him so.

"You don't mean it,' he said with apparent astonishment. They ought not to cost you a quarter of that."

"Then he explained that he made a business of examining electric light and gas bills and getting tremendous rebates. He assured me that he had collected \$2,000 overcharges for one client.

"His fee, he said, was half the saving, but if I wanted to make a year's contract

"The second chapter was equally un pleasant.

"I was haled out of bed one morning about o'clock by the telephone and told by the detective at the other end that I was to meet him at a certain pawnbroker's at half past 9. I rushed into my clothes and

got there. "No detective! I told the pawnbroker what I had come for, and he was so mad that I thought he would eject me forcibly waited an hour and a half, then went home and telephoned. Official said I had gone to the wrong place. He didn't seem to know where the right place was and had another lost day to calendar.

"Two or three days later I was sent to another pawnbroker's. This time the datective came and we sat there for hours going over every piece of jewelry in the slace and trying to find my lost articles. the pawnbroker as mad as the other one.

"We finally discovered an amethyst chain which I have seen duplicated all winter in department stores for \$2 or \$3 and which the detective was certain was my property The one I had lost had been appraised by one jeweller who mended a setting as worth \$500, and another jeweller's estimate was even higher.

"I will relate a little experience which almost finished me. I had taken my little daughter Marian with me to pawnshops two or three times, and she was interested as a child naturally would be, in seeing the jewelry. One afternoon we were coming home from a matinée, the car was filled with a fashionable crowd going bome after the theatre.

"At one end I recognized a man with whose wife I had had a little tiff about a bridge whist prize, and all of a sudden Marian spoke up-she has a remarkably high pitched voice-and said:

'Mamma, are we going to the pawn broker's this afternoon? "I thought I would sink through the floor.

If you could have seen the glances I got. and the husband of my friend seemed so pleased. He had a nice bit of gossip to tell wife. "Another amusing incident in connec-

tion with this robbery, which also explains Marian's interest in our visits to the pawnbroker's, is that her little penny bank, with all its savings, disappeared at the same time with the jewels as it rested on top of the dresser. Her little sister, Elise, is the spendthrift of the family and Marian the

\*Every cent Marian gets she stows away, and every one of the family, knowing her habits, has kept the bank filled and remon strated with Elise on her extravagance. I don't know what the moral of such a story is, but I do know that Elise goes about

"Well, I had my candy, anyway, arril you didn't get nothin'

"It's hard to bring children up properly when such things upset all your teachings. How can I ever convince Marian again that it is wise to save against a rainy day

## MADE A HAUL BY LISTENING. A Case in Which Inquisitiveness and

a Knowledge of the Morse

Code Proved Profitable. 'I had to quit telegraphy ten years ago,' said the man wearing the glasses, \*because

my eyes went back on me. In my time there were few telegraphers who could take newspaper copy quicker than I. It was awful wearing on my weak eyes, though, and it was a case of going blind if I stuck at the key.
"My knowledge of telegraphy has often

come in handy since I quit, and a few times this knowledge has increased my bank roll. For instance: "About a year ago I strolled into the Western Union branch office in Broad-

Western Union branch office in Broad-way and Thirty-first street to telephone. The telephone is in the rear of the office back of the telegraph operator's cage.

"I had trouble in getting my telephone connection, and while I was waiting for the number I had called a man entered the office and wrote a couple of telegrams. He franked them, and I knew he must be somebody of importance, because the clerks treated him so respectfully. It made me anxious to find out who the man was, and when I finished telephoning, having obtained my number, I said to the clerk who collected my dime:

"That's the way to send messages, send 'em free, like that man who just went out.' "Know who he is?' said the clerk."

"'Nope,' replied I.

"That's Mr. George Gould,' said he.

"That's Mr. George Gould,' said he.

"A moment later the telegraph key began to click. The operator in the office was all business at once. Maybe I was taking a mean advantage, but I just couldn't help listening to the message he was sending. It went to Connecticut and ran like this.

"Adamant and Disciple Paul will soar to morrow." "That's a simple little message, isn't it?

That's a simple little message, isn't it? It wasn't simple to me, though, and perhaps wouldn't be to any man who didn't know much about Wall Street. But when you sign the name of a well known financier to such a message it must have some mean ing and I was quite sure that message meant a great deal. "I spent two hours trying to figure out

"I spent two hours trying to figure out what it meant, and then a bright idea struck me. I remembered an operator with whom I used to be chummy when I was in the business. He worked in a broker's office, and I doped it out that if any one could decipher that message he could.

"So I biked up to Harlem and got him out of bed. Then I told him about the message I had overheard and whose name was attached to it.

"Can you dope it out?" I asked.

"Surest thing you know, he replied.
'Adamant is Rock Island and D.sciple Paul means St. Paul.'

"You could have knocked me down with

You could have knocked me down with

a feather. It all seemed simple enough when he explained. Well, together we raked up all the loose coin we could get and early the next morning we hot footed it to a downtown broker. We bought Rock Island and we bought St. Paul. Both stocks went up that day, and I cleared \$500 because of a little bit of rubbering. My operator friend raked in a little easy money too, and everybody was satisfied. Knowing the Morse code is a mighty useful thing It's more than paid me."

And Auras That Cure Toothache-A Visit to Two New Thought Clubs. 。 一种,我们是一种,我们的一个,我们的一个,我们的一个,我们就是一个,我们就是一个,我们就是一个,我们就是一个,我们的一个,我们就是一个,我们就是一个,我们就

Soul Concentration at Lunch Time

and keep your soul keyed to concert pitch it is absolutely necessary that you concentrate during the noon hour. If you would hear the spirits talking or penetrate the

That is the advice given by the New Thought cult, and if you ask how one is to concentrate at the noon hour and eat luncheon at the same time you will be told to out the luncheon short or do without it; that fasting is good for the soul, and soul culture is much more important than care of the physical.

In the shopping district there are a couple of clubs where you may concentrate under favorable conditions. One of them is a house whose prosaic aspect would mover lead you to suspect that it is a centre for soul culture. When a SUN reporter rang the door bell a mouse colored little woman came to the door, opened it softly and spoke in whispers.

Yes, this was the place where soul oulturists concentrate. She did not express herself quite in that way, but that was what she meant. And she invited the caller to participate in the noonday meeting, where the concentration was even then in progress.

She tiptoed along the hall, and with great care opened another door, fearful that it might squeak ever so little and startle the concentrators. With her finger on her lips to indicate silence she permitted the visitor to pass within and disappeared as mysteriously as she came.

An elderly man, having long, very long, Dundreary whiskers, sat with his back against a curtain of faded, aesthetic blue, and spoke as one in a trance. His blue eyes flashed strangely, and he seemed to see things in the air all around him.

see things in the air all around him.

His eyes seemed blind at first. Suddenly he would note that a strange sheep was in the fold, and a glance of alertness would be flashed across the room, only to be replaced by the trancelike expression.

He was talking very learnedly on "The Whichness of the Why." He was making it very clear that if you are not here you are there; and if you are there you cannot possibly be here. And if you really are

are there; and if you are there you cannot possibly be here. And if you really are here you must study, so that you will know where you are when you get there.

He had a curious way of asking, "How?" when starting on a new line of thought and reaching out in the air with long, bony fingers, as if he would grasp the thought and hold it fast. And his eyes would flash as if he saw spirits all around him.

While he talked his audience sat with closed eyes shutting out the world so that closed eyes, shutting out the world, so that they might absorb his words. And re-member, too, that this was the noon hour,

when people are supposed to be hungry and this audience was chiefly composed of workers from the world of business. The big woman in the corner sat with closed eyes, never moving; and the pretty girl in the blue sweater fixed her blue orbs on the ceiling meditatively. A fat person, the picture of health, who was there for mental treatment for some physical ill.

and her companion, a severe looking woman, never opened their eyes.

Over on the sofa a soulful looking young man also studied the ceiling and—furtively—the girl in the blue sweater. A red faced citizen, who looked as if he had just for saken, his cleaver also conventrated as saken, his cleaver, also concentrated, as one, would suppose a red faced, fat man never could concentrate, especially at the

Suddenly, with a last "How?" that re-bained unanswered, the speaker shock himself, closed his eyes tightly and stopped

The concentration had begun in earnest. Everybody then sat with eyes glued shut and thought hard. What about, no one Finally the big woman in the corner tip-

toed out. She had concentrated enough for one day. The blue eyed girl followed. Then the soulful young man sneaked out so quietly and carefully that he forgot his at and had to come back again.

The fat man tiptoed after him, but his shoes squeaked, and that settled the con-centration for that day. All the eyes flew open at the sound, and the seance was

Then the speaker shook hands with every-body. He once was a minister in the Conbody. He once was a minister in the Con-gregational Church, though that was long

ago, and he has the gentle art of hand-shaking down fine.

"I have come with her," explained the thin, severe woman, pointing to her stout companion. "She wants to take Christian Science treatment. I would rather she would take mental treatment from I brought her here to get her within the in-fluence of your aura. What do you think of Christian Science

The lecturer danced gracefully over the hearthrug at the compliment, and then you noted that concentration had not prevented him from knowing how to cress. His clothes were of the latest cut. He was up-to-date, if he did wear Dundrearies and ncentrate

concentrate.

But he refused to say what he thought of Christian Science methods of healing, though blushing with pleasure to find that his own aura was held to have curative properties. The thin woman persisted in trying to get an opinion of some phase of Christian Science. She tried its devil.

"I think the Science devil is just dreadfull." she declared. "And they believe in the existence of evil. Now, I do not believe in the existence of evil at all. I do not believe in a God. either, and my husband is an Episcopal clergyman. Now what do

not believe in a God, ether, and my husband is an Episcopal clergyman. Now what do you think of that? They think I am just dreadful because I will not go to church— positively refuse to listen to my own hus-band's sermons, and do not believe in his God. But I refuse to be trammelled."

"I am not fond of the Science devil," the lecturer admitted. "I even think he is worse than my poor mother's Methodist devil—and he was really terrible."
\*But, doctor, what am I to do to be happy?

Irefuse to be trammelled. I want to do as I "Well, do-as you please," blandly advised the doctor.
"But I have too much time to think. I live in a hotel."
"Worst place in the world. Come here and concentrate whenever you find the

hotel life palls on you.

Getting an opportunity, the reporter asked the lecturer if he spoke by inspiration. "Yes, I suppose you might call me an inspirational speaker," was the reply.

Then all was clear. One knew why it was absolutely impossible for a mere Phil-

stine to understand what he was talking about when delivering a concentration But the others knew. For the thin woman, who hated the Christian Science devil and refused to accept her Episcopalian husband's

sermons and his God, said so. She said it was perfectly wonderful, his insight into the mysteries that no ordinary man could possibly know anything about.
"We look for truth in the smallest things." cturer also said. That explains the fact that the club is That explains the fact that the club is headquarters for palmists, astrologers, "psychics" of all kinds, in fact. Every other member of the club has received messages in some way from the dead. And they gather in groups and tell their

If you want to be strictly up-to-date | all the while they dissect their souls for the benefit of one another.

"It is so much more elevating than to gossip about one's neighbors," one member

Then down into the basement of the house

She did not. I next wanted to know if she believed her spirit was the living part of her. She did.

She saw at once that it could not. And

the secret. Not even a new thought physician can heal unless he has a magnetic aura. That is made emphatic by the pa-

envy.
From \$5 to \$10 is the price of having your

her less fortunate sister in a booth at Coney Island dizzy.

The other club where they concentrate is not quite so picturesque, because they do not have any fortune telling there. The man who does the heavy thinking part when they concentrate calls himself a teacher of mental engineering.

There, too, a call was made during the noon hour.

A beyy of women were concentrating and listening while the mental engineer

A beyy of women were concentraing and listening while the mental engineer made some remarks about the soul. He sat in a willow chair on a platform, with the light from the great bay window falling on the faces of the audience and keeping his face in shadow. He was an elderly man hald sad looking and he wore a white man, bald, sad looking, and he wore a white

the water, or do anything else they chose if they only thought so. Then he gave them this thought on which to concentrate: "I am the physical embodiment of invisible

Every woman present held her eyes tightly closed while she said it over in her mind. All concentrated, the little noisy clock on the shelf alone refusing to be quiet. Street noises faded in the dim dis-

"I am the physical embodiment of invisible power. (I wish that clock would not tick so loud. It disturbs my train of thought)—I am the physi—(That clock will drive me crazy; it sounds like a trip hammer)—I am the physical embodiment of—

Then you peep to see what everybody Then you peep to see what everybody else is doing. The thin woman who set her lips as if they were glued together, so that she could think, has fallen asleep and is threatening to fall off her chair. You try to get a pencil, and the mental engineer opens his eyes and peeps at you. Scared, you shut your own and concentrate.

"I am the physical embodiment of—(Will that clock never stop!)—I am—(It is getting so cold I will freeze stiff if this concentrating game keeps up much longer)."

ing game keeps up much longer).

one shoulder. one shoulder.

"I am the physical—(That clock! I never heard one tick so loud. It will drive me crazy. I will never be the physical embodiment of anything if it keeps up)."

Another awful creak. The thin woman's effort at concentration has put her aslep so soundly that she is threatening to fall on the floor, and her camp chair shows signs of collapsing. With a wave of the hand the mental engineer indicates that hand the mental engineer indicates that the women may stop concentrating and thus avert a tragedy. The thin woman

The suburban photographer is frequently a genius, if not always an artist. Frank Blincker was playing at the corner, a week ago, and while his boy friends were chasing a ball, a benevolent, middle aged man

posed him against a fence and started the operation. When this was done Frank cheerfully told his house number. The photographer told when the picture would be ready and Frank made an appointment

later Frank's doorbell rang and the middle aged man presented himself to deliver the "I came to leave your son's picture."

have not seen the pictures. Look at that dear, boyish face, the embodiment of childsh innocence and goodness. I am sure that

the heart of any mother would leap for joy to see her darling immortalized in this to see her darli graceful manner. "How much did you say the charge was?" said the now helpless and fascinate

That was enough. The money was paid; and while Mrs. Blincker added a new page to her book of experience, the man departed wondering which was greater, the spell art or the spell of eloquence.

From the London Daily Mail. "When I was a guard," said Mr. Richard Bell, M. P., yesterday, "I could sit in my

disr road. driver cannot learn a new road

mysteries of the Great Beyond or master yoga in any form, concentrate.

Choose the noon hour, because that is the time of greatest light, the hour when there are no shadows. And in time you may know all things and be as gods.

That is the advice given by the New Then down into the basement of the house was the next step, as there the regular healer has his office. It is a long, low ceilinged room, furnished with old mahogany. The healer is a small, thin, elderly man, but the women declare he is very magnetic, and can cure a headache in a minute if they only get into his aura.

"I'll tell how I cured one case, he said."

"A woman waiting in a small railway station had a toothache and asked me to cure it. But I told her I must take my train. She begged to be healed. Then I asked if she believed her body was all there was of her.

"She did not. I next wanted to know it."

of her. She did.
"'Can your spirit have the toothache?" I

with the realization of truth, she announced that the toothache was gone. Her face was still swollen, but the ache had gone.
"Now, that is the way the healing is done. It is very simple, when you know how." But the magnetic aura is also a part of

As New Thought is seeking knowledge As New I hought is seeking knowledge from the astrologer and the palmist as well as the medium, experts in all lines are found at the club. And they get prices for their services that would make the ordinary fortune tellers turn green with

horoscope cast by a club member. And a palmist will ask prices that would make her less fortunate sister in a booth at Coney

He told the women they could walk on

tance. You were absolutely alone with your own soul and that wretched clock. The situation was simply maddening, he concentration was something like I am the physical embodiment of in-

fat one, has fallen asleep. Her head is on

nears the voices and gets up looking very The mental engineer alone remains with his aura for company.

UNDER TWO SPELLS.

Frank's Mother an Fasy Mark for the Suburban Photographer.

came up and said: "Hello, Frank: wouldn't you like to have your picture taken?" Frank would, of course. So the artist

to meet his artist friend on the same A few days passed, and the sun got a chance to develop the picture. A little

he said. "I have two copies of it and the charge is only \$1 for each portrait."

"But I did not order any pictures; and I will not pay for them," said an impressionable mother.

"But, madam," continued the man, "you have not seen the pictures. I said an impressionable mother.

womas.

"Two dollars to you, madam; and it must be a pleasure to have such a dear child in your home."

The money was paid;

How Engineers Find Bearings in Fog

wan with my eyes shut and tell where the train was at any moment. Working one section continuously one gets to learn the rhythmic song of the road and how it varies at each signal box, station, curve, gradient, tunnel and bridge.

"The sixth sense, which is more than more hearing, is of the utmost value to a driver during fog. Denied the use of his eyes, is still does not lose his way when he is on a familiar read of the company.

And they gather in groups and tell their experiences.

There is a social afternoon each week, and the enthusiasts stay all the afternoon, and then listen to a lecture at night. And